Whateverwhere #1

Building the dream city

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Oslo, Norway
2026

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Arnfinn Pettersen

WELCOME TO WHATEVERWHERE

Whateverwhere is a digital zine. Edited by me, Arnfinn Pettersen. AKA @psychogeographically. AKA The Dodologist. AKA … whatever.

It will be published once in a while. When the stars align, and the signs are right, the thoughts are ripe, and the raven of circumstance declares it's about bloody time.

It is meant to be a photography zine. Photos, and text about photos. And probably some musings on art and place and memory. The kind of psychogeographical interests that influence my approach to taking pictures.

And graffiti. There will be graffiti. Other subjects might turn up too, though. I have some strange interests. And some odd friends.

This being the first issue, though, it’s all me, both photos and text. Perhaps that always will be the case. Then again, perhaps not.

If you feel like getting in touch, find me online and give me a shout at any of the places listed on the last page.

BUILDING THE DREAM CITY

ON PLACE, DREAMS AND PHOTOGRAPHY

I grew up in a small, industrial town. A classic nowhere kid. First generation middle class parents, who moved there because my father got a job in management.

Got out of there as soon as I could. About ten years later my parents retired, and moved away too. Haven't been back there for close to twenty years. No reason to.

The last visit wasn't long. Work brought me to the larger town one train stop south. So I took the train that extra stop.

I walked past the two houses I grew up in. Past my last school. As I was approaching it, the fire alarm went off. Back down to the town center. Past the café where I spent a lot of my late teens. (It was gone.) Picked up a travel tube of tooth paste from the pharmacy. And got on a bus south. All in all it lasted less than an hour.

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POLAR DEGOS
#PURKEN ER SKURKEN
LUSH DIVE

I was approaching middle age by then, and had had a bout of sentimentality for a while. I got the idea into my head that I had lost something by no longer having any connection to my "roots".

It was soppy bullshit. Mostly. My visit made it clear that it was nothing for me there. But still ...

Something niggled. Something I just couldn't put my finger on. Something unexpected.

It took me a while to realize what it was. Perhaps a week. Perhaps a month. I don't remember. But I got there in the end.

There were some houses. Some views. Some spots. None of them of importance in my life. No houses I had ever been inside. Not places where something important happened. Just ... places.

I dream about those places.

Not in the sense that they are important to my dreams. Exactly the opposite, in fact. They are backgrounds. Extras. Fillers.

When my mind needs to fill a gap in a dream, these places might get the part. They are the house I walk past, the view out of the corner of an eye, the place I happen to stop for a moment.

They are the stuff the least important parts of my dreams are made of.

Not all the time. Perhaps not even often. But often enough that seeing them in real life made my mind go "Hm ...." .

I have lived in Oslo since I moved away. It's closing in on four decades. There are places in Oslo that show up in the same way. Places that have become unimportant parts of my dreams. But not many.

And over time I came to realize that part of what I am doing with my photography, is creating that dream city. Finding places, houses, views that, when awake, give some of that same feeling. Some of the same ... vibe.

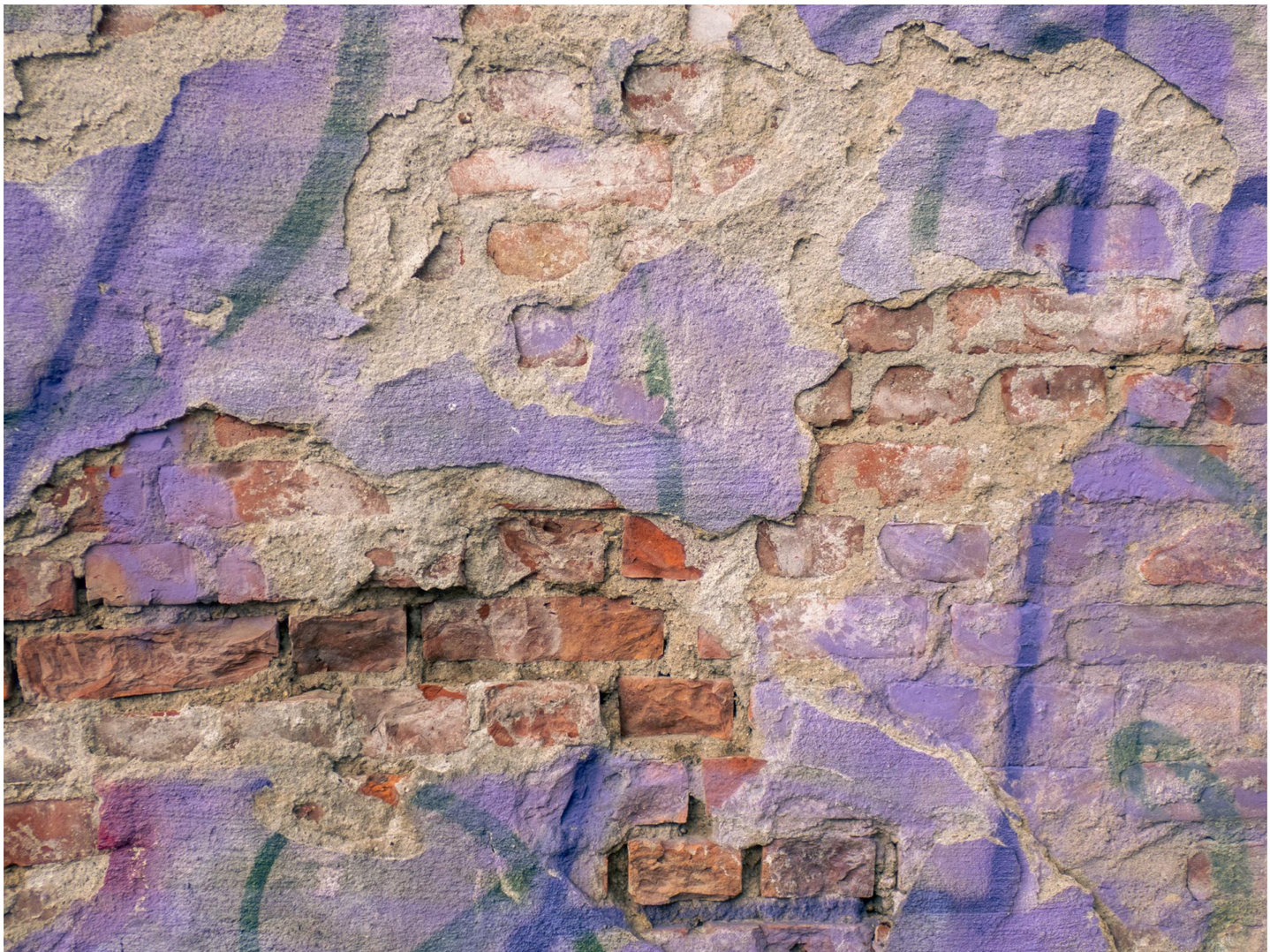
From time to time, while awake, I still see glimpses of that place were I grew up. It has become a somewhat important location within an activity I happen to follow with interest on YouTube and Instagram (but don't take part in myself).

Those glimpses wake no sentimentality in me. It is just a place I happen to have lived. Even though the activity mainly takes part in a part of the town that, although I didn't pass it on that last visit, is one of my"dream spots".

I know what it is now. It doesn't niggle me anymore. It is just ... one of those things. Life leaving traces in strange ways and strange places.

But I still go out with my camera(s). I still come back with little glimpses of Oslo that feels somewhat the same. I suppose I will always be on the lookout for them. The dream landscape within the landscape.

To align with the dream landscape within myself.



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Narala Mat

BLUE MOON
BREWING COMPANY
Blue Moon Belgian White
Blue Moon Brewing Company
EST. 1995
ALC 5.4% VOL.
Blue Moon Belgian White
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Blue Moon Belgian White

SCRIBBLES IN A TINY NOTEBOOK

All the photos in this edition were shot in Oslo, during the first four months of 2026. They are all shot on a tiny OM System TG-7. A truly pocketable camera, that lives, well, in my pocket. Unless I’m taking pictures with it, of course.

I have other cameras. Way too many cameras, to be honest. Quite a few of them full frame (seven in working order, if my memory serves me right). But the tiny sensor TG-7 has size and weight on its side. It is a camera I bring along, even when I don't really bring a camera.

I could use my phone, of course. But I don't. Not because it doesn't take good (enough) photos, but because I just don't like the experience. The TG-7 rests well in my hand. It can take a physical beating. I could even shoot in under water, if I felt like it. Though I don't.

If it breaks, it breaks. I'd probably buy a new one after some time. If my phone breaks, though, life becomes really difficult for a while.

The result is that I take photos I otherwise wouldn't. It is a bit like that napkin you use to scribble down a thought over a cup of coffee in a café, because you didn't bring a notebook along. (And yes, there is a notes app, several actually, on my phone, but this is an analogy, not reality.)

These photos are like quick scribbles, things noted down because the opportunity was there, because there happened to be something to note down and to note them down on.

Just like on that napkin. Only different. In most ways.

The TG-7 hasn't fundamentally changed my photography. I still shoot the same kind of subjects I always have. But I shoot more, and in situations where I simply wouldn't bother to take the full frame out of the bag. The camera is already there, in my hand, or in my pocket.

The TG-7 has changed my photographic *experience*, though. It is quite simply a lot of fun.

I'm a prime guy. I love my 50mm lenses. But I enjoy the zoom on the camera. I'm the kind of guy that does fully manual exposure. But I've put the TG-7 in P mode.

It is not a great camera. But it is a great experience (except in really bright light – no viewfinder). And the photos are good enough.

I like good enough.

As the world luggs around huge boxes that makes 50 megapixel files big enough to crowd your hard drive, I have a little photography machine in my pocket that makes tiny little 12 megapixel photos. That are good. Enough.

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Feel free to share this zine with anyone you think might enjoy it. The creator of the thing can be found at:

Substack and Instagram: Psychogeographically

Bluesky: @arnfinnp.bsky.com

Mastodon: @TheDodologist@beige.party

Tumblr: Kontrafantastisk

When I first posted about this zine online, there was an unfortunate typo. Apologies to anyone looking forward to the “fist issue”.